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THE EVENT OF THE NEW YEAR.

Next week we shall have the greatest transformation scene in the history of municipalities. Three cities and dozens of towns and villages will be absorbed in one colossal metropolis whose vast bulk will cover three whole counties and part of another. Such an event would profoundly impress the imagination if nothing were done to attract attention to it, but when we are celebrating so many hundreds of smaller affairs, the fitness of things demands that we commemorate the creation of the stupendous metropolis that is to be in a manner worthy of the magnitude of the occasion.

The Journal has undertaken to organize the popular efforts to celebrate fittingly this historical birthday, not because it desired to seek undue prominence for itself or seem to monopolize what should be a general festival, but because it became plainly evident that unless it took the lead nothing would be done. It has become evident at once that all the people have been waiting for is a plan and a leader. They would have been glad to join in a celebration under official sanction, but since the authorities of the present city governments have not cared to undertake such an enterprise, they gladly welcome the initiative of others.

The scope of the birthday carnival is to be as broad as the new city itself. All the varied nationalities that make up the composite population of Greater New York will take part. The various local divisions, old and new, ought also to be individually represented. Each of the present cities, towns and villages should have its delegation, with its detachment of police or constabulary, and its banner or historical float, typifying the contribution of traditions and resources that it brings to the new metropolis, and each of the five boroughs that are to replace the old divisions on the stroke of midnight should have an imposing representation.

The officials of all grades, both of the retiring and of the incoming administrations, will be expected to take a prominent part in the proceedings. And all other citizens should remember that this is to be emphatically New York's night—not merely the night of a year, but the one supreme night of the city's whole history. For once they can surely forget their little private affairs, and remember only that they are New Yorkers. And as the term "New Yorkers" will include henceforth the residents of Brooklyn and Long Island City, of Flushing, Hempstead and Jamaica, of St. George, Port Richmond and Stapleton, New York's day should be as loyally celebrated by these new fellow-citizens as by the inhabitants of Manhattan. Let societies, uniformed clubs, military organizations and individuals, regardless of any other diversions that may have been planned for that evening, join in making the Greater New York Carnival an overpowering success.

The time is short, but with hearty good will, energy and determination this festival can be made a thing to be remembered forever. It will furnish a luminous starting point from which the history of the expanded New York will be dated. It will testify at once to pride in the past and buoyant confidence in the future.

THE REAL TELEPHONE GRIEVANCE.

From time to time a bitter cry is heard for cheaper telephone rates. That this demand is thoroughly justified is beyond question. The prices charged for telephone service in New York are extravagant, and, for many people who ought to have the benefits of the system, prohibitory.

But the matter of price is by no means the chief grievance which the people of this city have against the telephone monopoly. It is bad enough for them to have to pay more than they should, but it is worse for them not to get what they pay for. New Yorkers pay enough to entitle them to absolute perfection of service, and they get a service whose manifold depravities go far toward undoing all that the clergy and the Sunday newspapers accomplish toward the moral elevation of the community.

In some degree the faults of the local service are due to imperfect mechanical equipment. The old-fashioned crank-and-bell transmitters, which were superseded by modern instruments in the smallest towns on the Pacific coast over two years ago, and even as far east as St. Louis last Summer, are still good enough for New York. But even the antiquated machines in use here are wonderful scientific devices, which would give admirable results in intelligent hands. The trouble is that the telephone company chooses to intrust an exquisitely delicate electrical installation to cheap and incompetent operators. When a hotel proprietor or a sleeping-car company shirks the duty of paying sufficient wages to secure good work the public can obtain proper service at its own expense by tips. But this recourse is lacking in the case of the telephone. Men to whom every minute is precious and whose engagements overlap each other fifty deep are compelled to stand impotently sputtering before a wire at the other end of which an ill-paid, indifferent and careless operator is ignoring signals, cutting off conversations in the middle and announcing that people who are desperately clamoring for connections cannot be found.

The demand for cheaper telephones will often be heard from, because it is just, but the exasperation of the community toward the monopoly would sensibly diminish if the company would pay its employes living wages and give its patrons decent service.

THE FIFTEEN-MILLION BOND.

The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court has provoked some injudicious criticism by making its approval of the rapid transit report conditional upon a stipulation by the commission that a fifteen million dollar bond shall be required of the contractor for the construction and operation of the road as security for the fulfilment of his obligations. The power of the Court is derived from the constitutional provision that in lieu of the consent of the property owners there shall be a determination by commissioners appointed by it of the question "whether such railroad ought to be constructed or operated," which determination must be "confirmed by the Court."

Doubtless it was for the Court to decide whether it should impose conditions in confirming a favorable report, and its assumption of jurisdiction to do so must be accepted, though it appear somewhat arbitrary and the condition imposed seem unnecessarily severe. The Court must be presumed to have acted from a high sense of public duty.

Whether the exaction of so heavy a bond is to be regarded as unreasonable depends upon whether it is only intended as security for the completion of the work of construction, or is to be a continuing security for the rental during the whole period of the contract. If a corporation were to undertake the work of constructing such a railroad system for itself, it would have to raise a capital of a good deal more than $35,000,000. By the use of the municipal credit it is not only relieved of that necessity, but its fixed charges are reduced to a minimum, and its chances of profit from the operation of the road are immensely increased. Surely a company enjoying such advantages can afford to give the security required by the Court for the construction of the road with capital furnished by the city.

That the Court intended this heavy security to cover only the period of construction seems evident from the reason given for requiring it. That reason is "the vital interest which the city has in the prompt completion of the contract for the building of the road when entered into, and its effective equipment, maintenance and operation." Nobody can deny that this "vital interest" of the city should be made secure under a heavy penalty. In justifying this heavy forfeiture the Court further said that it was not more than sufficient to enable the city "to carry the road to completion in case the enterprise is thrown on its hands by the default or forfeiture of the contractor." This shows the meaning and purpose of the Court in requiring this stipulation.

It is true that the law requires the bond to secure the operation of the road and the prompt payment of the rental as well as the construction, but it is a bond "in such amount as the Board of Rapid Transit Commissioners shall require, and with sureties to be approved by said Board." If the Court had the power to impose a condition as to the amount of the bond, it can limit it to such period as may be deemed necessary to the purpose in view.

It cannot be doubted that such was the intention of the Court, for it would be an insult to the Judges to assume that they meant to approve of the construction and operation of the road and at the same time to impose a condition which would defeat it.

A CRIME AND A BLUNDER.

The action of the Cuban insurgents in executing Colonel Ruiz, who visited one of their camps as a messenger from Captain-General Blanco, to try to induce them to accept the scheme of autonomy, was not an act of civilized warfare, and will injure the position of the patriots in the good opinion of mankind. It is true that the most ample warning had been given, so that the death of Ruiz was as much a case of suicide as of murder, but nevertheless, the herald's office has always been a sacred one, and there can be no excuse for its violation.

It looks as if the ferocious savagery of Weyler's campaign methods had infected the Cubans to some extent with the same spirit. Their self-control and humanity under unimaginable provocation have been marvellous, but in this case they have failed. We seem to be carried back to the days whose chill horror Sienkiewicz paints in such ghastly colors in "Fire and Sword," when whole provinces were depopulated and envoys were empaled on stakes.

The Spanish grip on Cuba is visibly loosening. Independence is certain, and it is needless for the patriots to try to hasten it by acts of barbarity. It is well for them to forbid Spanish agents to bring proposals of compromise to their lines, and to turn back or hold as prisoners any who violate the prohibition, but let their arms be stained by the blood of no more messengers.

WHERE IS VIRGINIA'S CHIVALRY?

One must assume that the rising generation in Virginia is not animated by a first-class quality of good old Southern chivalry if there is real occasion for the law proposed in the Legislature of that State to prevent young men and boys loitering about or intruding upon the premises of any female seminary or school. The object is said to be to put an end to an offensive practice of flirting with school girls, which local ordinances in Richmond and other cities have been powerless to stop.

Well-bred girls in Virginia ought to be able to repel offensive attentions from obtrusive youth, and it cannot be that they find improper attentions acceptable and need to be protected against flirting propensities of their own. If the youth bestow their attentions where they are not acceptable, or make themselves obtrusive about the premises of girls' institutions, there is something the matter with their breeding.

This bill in the Virginia Legislature must be the meddlesome proposition of a crank, or else chivalry must be in a sad way in the Old Dominion.

KEEPING OUT THE SKINS.

It seems that the most effective part of the bill which has passed both Houses of Congress for the purpose of discouraging pelagic sealing is not that prohibiting American citizens from indulging in that destructive pastime, but that making it unprofitable for Canadians by excluding from our ports the skins, whether raw, dressed, dyed or manufactured, which are taken by this promiscuous slaughter in the open sea. The United States affords the best market, almost the only great market, for sealskin garments, and if this provision should be made entirely effective, it would not be worth the while of Canadians to slaughter seals, and Great Britain would be deprived of the profit of dressing the skins and handling the manufactured goods.

It is said to be possible to make the necessary discrimination between the skins taken by the Commercial Company and those of the freebooters, when they come back finished from foreign parts. This does not seem likely, but the result might be to transfer the industry of dressing and manufacturing the Alaska furs to this country, and deprive Great Britain of all benefit from that source.

The act of Congress provides that if contraband skins or furs should be smuggled in, they should be confiscated and destroyed. Why destroyed? That would be wasteful and foolish. There is no reason why the confiscated goods should not be turned to profitable account, as some compensation for the trouble of guarding against their introduction. This bill has evidently been passed in haste and without due consideration, and that is a poor way to legislate.

THE POLICE BLUDGEONS.

There has been a number of complaints lately of brutal clubbing by policemen with the heavy night sticks, which were restored under the reform regime after Chief Byrnes had discontinued their use for a long time with beneficial results.

It may be, as Chief McCullagh says, that a man who cannot be trusted with a night stick is not fit to be a policeman, but unfortunately there seems to be a considerable number of men of that kind on the force. The Chief says that such a man cannot be trusted with a self-cocking six-shooter. Perhaps not, but even the roughest policeman is not so ready to use that dangerous weapon as to wield his club in a brutal fashion.

The real question is whether the habitual carrying of these bludgeons is necessary, and Chief Byrnes proved conclusively that it was not. They should be reserved for dangerous times or dangerous places. President Moss, of the Police Board, has given notice of a resolution, to be offered at today's meeting, relegating the night stick to its proper place again. Its place is not in contact with the skull of every man who may excite the ire of a splenetic policeman. A man fit to be a policeman does not need this terrible cudgel for the proper performance of his duty in ordinary times.

The comments of the Sun, reproduced in another column, on the forthcoming celebration of the birthday of Greater New York, display a commendable willingness to place public spirit above business jealousies. The fact that the Journal has undertaken to make Greater New York's natal festivities a success does not inspire the Sun with a desire to make them a failure. This civic patriotism is a thing that might be cultivated with advantage by other newspapers in New York.

Prize fighting under a nom de guerre is by no means an improvement on the old-fashioned sort.

This suddenly developed alarm over the "unhealthy underground railroad" is inspired by that school of philanthropy which has all its investments in other modes of locomotion.

The latest wage reduction occurred at Manchester, New Hampshire. Mr. Dingley's section is responding promptly to his desire for the practical operation of his tariff law.

Mr. Russell Sage is firmly impressed that the only way the people can preserve their health is by persistently taking the exercise involved in hanging on to the straps in his elevated cars.

The Chicago man whom President McKinley selected for Minister to China says he expected to do a little missionary work on the side. The Senate, however, is disposed to suspect the sort of missionary work a Chicagoan would do, and the chances are that he will not be confirmed.

Actor Ratcliffe tops off his martyrdom by giving the public the impression that his resentment will not go to the extent of prosecuting his wife for her ill-treatment of him.

The Ohio Forakerites are not the least bit disposed to accept the autonomy Mark Hanna is offering.

Congressman Johnson's remarks on the sealing question indicate that the North Dakota statesman is in favor of divorcing Hon. John W. Foster and his high-priced colleagues from the Government pay roll.

Nothing Funereal About the Coming Carnival.

It is certainly befitting that some ceremonial or other should mark the passing of lesser New York into greater New York, and the character it should partake of is a matter of taste which in our mind would rather have chosen a jubilee glorification than a watch meeting of regret and sadness. But we bow to the "leading" citizens of New York, who seem to prefer funeral baked meats to wedding cake on the day when New York City embraces what ought to have been her own long ago.—Denver Post.

George's Master Work.

The New York Journal is to be congratulated on publishing this work, and thus making a contribution to the serious and scholarly discussion of public affairs, without political or partisan bias. Henry George was the first to show that so far from being a "dismal science" political economy is radiant with hope; that it has been called dismal only because it has been degraded and shackled, its truths dislocated and its harmonies ignored, and its tongue gagged when it would utter the truth.—Helena (Mont.) Independent.

A Momentous Occasion.

The public at large will be much more interested in the report that during the coming year steps will be taken to celebrate in a fitting manner the consolidation of the cities and towns that will comprise Greater New York after January first. This will enlist the energy and enthusiasm of all the people of the greater city, and beside it Mayor Strong's mass meeting will possess only a narrow and sectional significance. * * * The fame of the Greater New York jubilee would extend to the uttermost limits of the globe, and the historical, commercial and social importance of the new municipal creation would be signalized amid circumstances of public rejoicing whose influence would everywhere be felt. It is hinted that the political opponents of Tammany Hall may be disinclined to favor a movement that might emphasize the political ascendancy of that organization; but that is a consideration repugnant to the true metropolitan spirit, and one which the people of New York should be quick to repudiate.—Rochester Herald.

But What About a Wedding?

Mayor Strong and his friends have finally decided to abandon their plan to have a celebration on New Year's Eve, to mark the passing of the old city. They have concluded that it would be utter folly to hold a funeral without a corpse.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

At the Head of All.

To the Editor of the Journal:

Having been a daily reader of the Journal for the past eighteen months, I am of the opinion that it stands at the head of all newspaper publications of home and foreign news of any other paper published upon the Western Hemisphere.

Long may it continue. GARWOOD S. JUDD,

North Tonawanda, December 18.

His Servant's Man.

"His name Ginseppe, called more briefly Beppo."

BEPPO sailed away from these shores on Saturday's Cunarder, taking with him that fairly good American citizen and most amiable gentleman, Freddie Harkaway.

It was in Venice, nearly two years ago, that Freddie had to dress himself one morning because Watkins, his English valet, had disappeared, together with £200 in British gold and a trunk full of new clothes belonging to Freddie.

I said that Freddie had to dress himself, which is to say he confronted what seemed the positive necessity of doing so for the first time in his life, and it affected him so peculiarly that he threw himself back into bed and projected into the furthermost corridors of the old palace wherein he was domiciled such copious torrents of not wholly unprofane lamentations as brought to his side—Beppo! Now, Beppo was the house valet and had been useful to Freddie in the matter of conveying certain confidential notes to—but why go into that? Freddie had noted and commended Beppo for his great discretion, his excellent English and his master touch on the guitar. Finding Freddie in tears of rage, Beppo, who had once been valet to a milord, promptly brought whiskey and soda, and proceeded to dress the mollified foreigner in excellent taste and judgment, brought him coffee and rolls, ordered his gondola, and thereby, with no word of engagement, installed himself as his valet.

Before Freddie went to Paris they quarrelled over the question of scarf pins, Beppo electing to wear the ones Freddie preferred, and Beppo was discharged, but he packed Freddie up and took him to Paris without a word of reproach, for which Freddie showed his gratitude by never again questioning Beppo's taste in jewelry. At the Hotel Continental in Paris Beppo showed what a genius can accomplish, for he actually arranged that Freddie could every morning have a real American bath—"le grand bain chaud"—without the interference of an army of red waistcoated hotel valets and a general state of hysterics throughout the hotel. Not that they did not quarrel, for Freddie was not yet in complete subjugation.

Comparative peace reigned until the day of the memorable dinner Freddie gave to a few American friends in his private dining room at the Continental.

On such occasions Beppo's custom was to dress in a highly picturesque gondolier's suit, all white excepting a brave broad band or sash of vivid scarlet, the same, by the way, which Freddie's scarf pins adorned. Freddie told Beppo that on this occasion he should wear conventional dress, as his American friends already looked upon him as a crank, and for them to see his servant tricked forth in comic opera attire would be certain to send back home the report that he was a clear case of freak.

Beppo replied reasonably, and without anger, that the dress was that worn by his fathers for many generations in their ancient and honorable calling of gondoliers, and that as it was no concern of his that all Americans were donkeys, he should dress as he damned pleased. Freddie discharged him then with all the emphasis and exactness of language he could command, and even pretended to be glad when Beppo pretended to pack up his things.

Guests came; I was one of them. Freddie helped us off with our coats, and fussed about in a most annoying manner, while Beppo looked on in silent dignity.

We told Freddie to leave our coats and hats alone and give us whatever substitute he had to offer for a cocktail, and he began hopelessly fumbling about the sideboard. Nothing came of that, or, rather, everything except a drink, and we made sarcastic remarks. Some one asked for a cigarette and Freddie, flushed and mad, looked for one. At last Beppo's proud heart relented—he disappeared, reappeared in his gondolier costume, mixed us drinks, gave us cigarettes, straightened out our tumbled hats and coats, and, so far as I could see, was content with inflicting no further punishment on our penitent host than a few glances of gentle reproach.

Early this Fall Freddie returned to New York, and resumed his apartments in Fifty——th street. Beppo had been discharged in London and Freddie had an awful scare because Beppo did not board the steamer at Southampton until the "All off" gong had sounded. Of course, he had seen all of Freddie's luggage aboard, but his own beloved guitar was missing. It did not turn up, and for an agonized moment Freddie thought Beppo was going to remain on shore and look for it, but he went aboard, weeping, and wept all the way across the ocean. Freddie told him, when they were settled down here, that he would give him a new guitar for Christmas, and, at Beppo's suggestion, gave him the money to buy his Christmas early in November.

Then began the trouble which brought about the end of Freddie's home visit. Beppo's room in the back of the house looked upon a court upon which also looked the rear rooms of a number of houses wherein dwelt the families of Freddie's most intimate friends. Beppo by day and Beppo by night, would sit at the open windows of his room, playing his guitar and singing. Soon he had for audience the ladies' maids and nursemaids and housemaids of the entire neighborhood. He first amused, then charmed, then fascinated his hearers. Then duties were neglected, forgot, despised, as they listened to the dreamy, romantic songs of the soft-eyed youth.

One morning there came a note to Freddie from Mrs. Jack Daring, in which she wrote: "For heaven's sake, Freddie, discharge or lock up that heathen servant of yours! The baby is dying from the nurse maid's inattention, my own maid is so silly-sick in love with your man she hooks my waist into my neck, and the cook does her work so wretchedly Jack threatens divorce."

Men at the club slanged Freddie dreadfully on the same score, and dozens of neighborhood servants were discharged and their places filled by others who promptly fell victimes to Beppo's enchantment. Freddie discharged Beppo with so much ill temper that Beppo positively threatened to go, which, of course, brought Freddie to his senses, and the concerts were continued. Matters grew ten times worse. Families went without meals—because the cook wouldn't cook while Beppo sang; evening parties were given up because ladies had no one to dress them; armies of babies howled in acute agony of hunger because their nurses forgot their duties in adoring Beppo—society was threatened with disruption!

So when Beppo said he thought they had better return to Paris Freddie was glad to obey, for otherwise he knew he would have to run away from Beppo—really discharge himself. EDWARD W. TOWNSEND.

A Popular Delusion.

[Atchison Globe.]

Until the day he dies, every man thinks he is fooling one or more persons, and every woman thinks she is fooling four or five.

Concerning Carter.

THE Colonel sank down into the easiest chair about the club window, wiped his forehead and heaved a long, relieved sigh.

"Deal off?" young Peters asked. Economy of words is a club habit.

"No! Silsbee Carter is off," the Colonel answered. Peters giggled—there is no other word for it.

"Been having a circus all week?" he again queried. The Colonel nodded. Then he faced about and said:

"It's bad enough to suffer for one's own virtues—I've experienced that so long I'm fairly used to it. But suffering for another man's—whew! He's an epitome of the virtues masculine—is Silsbee—but hanged if I had not rather have on my hands the toughest citizen that ever came from down South."

"What was the matter?" we all asked in a breath. The Colonel grinned. "You never saw Silsbee—that's plain," he said. "Little man—fifty-odd, gray as a rat—looks sandy all over, as though he had been made from putty and set in a sand-blast to harden. Sort of pitted sandiness, you know—then the way he dresses!

"Oh! Regular lady killer," said several of us in chorus. The Colonel grinned and nodded again.

"He thinks so," he said. "Fact is he lives just to worship and wait on the ladies. They've found it out to such an extent that they really have a toleration for him—and his simple-minded vanity accepts at face value all the kind and pretty things they say to him. As a consequence he feels under lasting obligation to the whole sex. He told me, in strict confidence, that he felt he really owed it to them to remain single—as sure as he married one, there were at least nine others who would die of heart-break, and more than nine who might talk of suicide."

"We were boys together—Silsbee and yours truly—fought together, too. Silsbee was a fighter from way back, I can tell you. He saved my life once—brought me off, wounded, under the hottest sort of fire. So, of course, I'm glad to make him free of my house when he comes here—but sometimes it's tough—pretty' almighty tough."

"Tell us about it," we said coaxingly. The Colonel laughed and went on: "You know my married daughter, Sybil—sort of highflyer—likes to be in the swim, and near the crest of the wave. She's hospitable as daylight, though, and told Silsbee, soon as he came, to drop in on her whenever he chose. Of course he chose to do it just when she was having what she calls a swagger afternoon reception. I wouldn't like to say what she thought when she saw Silsbee's frock coat and red-topped gloves there among her fine folks—but she rose to the occasion—said all sorts of pretty things to him, and ended by giving him in charge of the prettiest young girl there to take out to the tea room and have something to eat. She thought she had done it beautifully, and would hear no more of him—but a minute later the girl came rushing back to her, saying: 'Oh, Mrs. Morton, I asked that old man what he would have, and he smirked and smiled at me, and said he believed he'd take some soft boiled eggs, as they must be the handiest things to get thus between meals, as it were. What shall I do with him? He must be crazy!'

"What did Sybil do?" we asked. The Colonel snorted a bit.

"Why, had the eggs cooked, of course. What else should she do? Silbee had wine after them—several glasses, I reckon, judging by what followed. He started to walk home, and on the way he saw a woman struggling along with somewhere in the neighborhood of nine bundles, big and little. That was too much for his gallantry. He hustled up beside her, and said, touching his hat: 'Oh, Ma'am, would you be so kind as to let me carry those bundles for you? Do! It makes me heartsick to see a lady doing that.'

"'Humph! Get along, you loafer! I carry my own bundles! I don't believe in either wasting money or encouraging laziness,' the woman said, crustily. Silbee began to jump up and down. 'You don't understand me! Indeed you don't!' he said. 'I would not touch your money—not if it was a million dollars. I come from the South. Down there every man is every woman's true knight. Give me those bundles. You must! I must carry them for you to prove to you your mistake.'

"'You go about your business or I shall call a policeman!' the woman said, short as pie crust. Then that fool Silbee actually tried to take the things out of her hands, all the time jabbering out that he couldn't see a lady tote things while he was empty handed. Then, of course, she screamed, a crowd gathered, the police took a hand, and I had to go down to the station house before I had my dinner and explain to the captain that it was all a mistake, and the sort of mistake. Pretty tough job, too. But when I saw Silbee actually crying at finding out where his real chivalry had led him, do you know I felt as though it was I and the captain and all the rest who ought to be ashamed?"

"Still, it must be inconvenient, entertaining angels unawares," somebody said through the general laughing. The Colonel got up and stretched himself.

"I don't say it is," he said, loyally. "But I admit that sometimes one admires an angel visitor most when he unfolds his wings for the homeward flight."

A Prophetic Poem.

This poem was the last written by Jose Marti, the father of the Cuban revolution, who fell in the first months of the struggle for liberty. It is as if he foresaw the proposals of "autonomy" with which the Cuban patriots are now being tempted to lay down their arms.

THE ALARM.

Dream I of cloisters of marble
Where in divinest of silence
Standing the heroes are marshalled.
At night by the light of the spirit
Speak I with these—aye, for nightly
They are in file and I wander
Threading the files; gravely kissing
Carven white hands, till they open
Eyes of stone, aye and move slowly
Lips of stone pale above tremulous
Beards of stone. Nay, they seem weeping.
Vibrate the swords in their scabbards;
Silent I kiss their hands.

Nightly speak I with these in their cloisters;
They are in file and I wander
Threading the files, till a-weeping
Clasp I a statue: "O, statue,
Now it is said that thy children
Drink their own blood from the poisonous
Cups of their cruelest masters;
Speak the foul tongue of the ruffians,
Eat of the bread of opprobrium
Shameless at red-reeking tables.
Aye, and in feeble contention
Lose their last courage! O, statue,
Statue that sleepest, they say it—
Dead is thy race and forgotten!"

Fells me to earth with a single
Blow then, the hero of marble;
Seizes my throat then, and harshly
Sweeps the bare ground with my body.
Lifts he an arm lo, resplendent,
Blinding as of the sun's radiance!
Loud the alarm through the cloisters;
Pallid hands seeking the scabbard—
Forth leap the heroes of marble!

Translated from Veraos Sencillos.

Foong La's Smile.

THERE was a moment in Mrs. Armstrong's career as president of the Board of Foreign Missions when she doubted its benefits and her power; when she came to look upon bright eyes and glistening teeth as more potent factors in the conversion of the erring male heathen than biblical lore and weekly tuition. Up to this period her Chinese maid, Foong La, had been her favorite convert.

Foong La was glib and discreet. Her teeth were white in contrast to her full red lips, and she smiled as frequently as she spoke, which reveals her possession of another quality peculiar to any woman of any race. There was only one occasion on which she was seen to look grave. Meanwhile imagine her smiling and casting her slanting black eyes dangerously to the right of her, seductively to the left of her. What wonder that poor Ah Chin succumbed straightway to the fascination of the yellow maiden's glance?

Ah Chin was a peripatetic Chinese chair repairer. He is aptly described as poor, not only because he possessed an insufficient amount of this world's goods, but because he was also a twisted, misshapen creature, whom any one would have pitied. His first glimpse of Foong La had been acquired legitimately enough in the presence of Mrs. Armstrong, her mistress and president of the Board of Foreign Missions.

The day was hot, and Ah Chin's burden of a single broken cane chair, which he was carrying home—God save the word—was heavy on his shoulders. It seemed to him that he limped more painfully than ever. The windows of the houses that he passed were all deserted and gloomy, when suddenly he looked up and saw Foong La smiling in one. She beckoned to him to stop, then disappeared and arrived smiling at the front door a second later with her mistress at her elbow. Foong La smiled because there were half a dozen chairs in the house that needed mending and because their opportunity had arrived so easily.

"You poor man," said Mrs. Armstrong sympathetically, the moment that the mending of her cane chairs had been disposed of.

"Me poo' man? Yeh, me poo' man," and Ah Chin glanced at Foong La. She smiled encouragingly.

"One damn 'Melican man," he cried with sudden force, "him make me poo'. Me alle same lich, alle same stlaight, only one day one 'Melican man, him knock me down, him lun over me—me only one damn Chinaman—white man no ca'; me go hospital; me come ou' one poo' man alle twists"——

Mrs. Armstrong scarcely exerted herself to listen after she had caught the first forceful outburst. A revengeful Chinaman seemed to her the one convert in the world worth making.

"Alle same some day me likee fin' him—me smashee him shu' "— The man burst, ing forth again in his wrath recalled her to the duties of the present.

"Tell him about the school, our songs and our good times, Foong La," she said.

The girl responded quickly with a smile. Then she talked earnestly and with much gesture. "Him come be 'Melican Clistian, too," she announced suddenly, her white teeth gleaming and her black eyes sparkling.

"Yeh, me come be 'Melican Clistian alle same Foong La," he cried out, grinning back at her.

Ah Chin proved a most tractable pupil. He fell easily into the manners and ways of the school. He asked none of the questions that the ignorant sometimes ask—he accepted everything with what Mrs. Armstrong called delightful faith and simplicity. His code was briefly—"'Melican Joss, big man; him live up in blue sky. Me no see him, bu' him the' alle same. Him do evely ting—Foong La she sabbe, me sabbe alle same like Foong La."

It was the hour after dinner when Foong La, having finished her work, was wont to stand in the front area of the house smiling in the moonlight at some token of Ah Chin's affection. It generally took the form of cheap stones or colored beads. He had early learned that her brightest smiles followed more easily upon his trinkets than upon his caresses. He came slowly limping up the sidewalk. In his hand he carried a shining green stone set deep in a broad gilt band. If Foong La had never smiled before, Ah Chin would have sworn she would smile now. At that moment her low, soft gurgle reached him. She was standing leaning on the gate looking up at the butcher's boy. She was looking just as she had looked at him in his proudest moments.

"She foolee me," muttered Ah Chin under his breath, "muchee foolee me!" he repeated, gritting his teeth. And then the American did something that further aroused the savage blood in Ah Chin's breast. He caught sight of the small, twisted figure of one of Foong La's countrymen, whom by natural instinct every butcher's boy holds in contempt. He gave a loud laugh and skipped a stone across the street as one might skip it over a lake. It missed its mark and he fired another. The Chinaman gave a shrill scream, this time it had struck home. The butcher's boy laughed aloud, and, oh the pity of it, the girl laughed too.

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Mrs. Armstrong was attracted to her door by the noise in the street before it. There she saw Ah Chin, pale and wounded, in the hands of a policeman, the butcher's boy, ugly and sullen, also bleeding, in the grasp of another, and between them Foong La, highly colored, gazing at the men in uniform. Mrs. Armstrong was seized with an almost irresistible desire to spread her hand over the girl's liquid eyes.

"Butcher boy him thlow stone," explained Foong La, excitedly. "Ah Chin, him have knife in his hand"——

"Hush! hush!" cried Mrs. Armstrong. "Don't you be the one to convict him." She moved to Ah Chin's side and caught in gasping breaths the tale of his Christianity and his love.

"Melican man him no go stlaight an' me go twist no mo'—Melican joss him no goo'—him no gi' me Foong La, him no makee me stlaight, him no can do evely ting, him one heep big fraud, alle same, alle same, like"—— They were the last words he spoke.

"Foong La," said Mrs. Armstrong, gently, "he is dying."

This was the moment when Mrs. Armstrong doubted the power of the Board of Foreign Missions. It was also the occasion on which Foong La did not smile.

WEATHER—Fair; warmer tonight, variable winds.